9.

THE SWEARERS.

OR,

INNOCENCE

Oppreſt and Sacrific'd.

In Conſequence of

INDULGENCE

TO

Perjurious Proſtitutes.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1681.

THE

SWEARERS

OR

THE DOCTRINE

OF

PROFANE SWEARING

EXPOSED

TO

RIDICULE

THE SWEARERS.

OR,

INNOCENCE

Oppreſs'd and Sacrific'd, &c.

IT ſhall be as little my Bus'neſs, as it ſeems Neceſſary, or Practicable, to draw a *Panegyrick* upon the *Perfections* of thoſe Matchleſs *Worthies*, Religious *Spyes* of *Jerico*; who, in Confidence that a *Good Intention Hallows and Juſtifyes a Dubious Action*, to the Eminent

Jeopardy of their *All* in *Preſent* and *Future*, have Generouſly deſcended to *Become*, *Say*, and *Do All Things to All Men*, (according to the very *Letter*) *that by All Means they might* Gain Something: And Thus, under the *Double Capacity* of *Secret Friends*, and (Once) *Open Enemies* and *Traytors* to the Eſtabliſh'd *Proteſtant Religion*, and the *Laws* of the *Kingdom*, equally to their proper Glory, and the Benefit of their Country, have wrought about a Great and Mighty *Deliverance*, a *New Reformation*, or rather *Salvation*, in This our *Britiſh Iſrael*; render'd a *Single Puff* of *Breath* the Abſolute Diſpoſer of the *Lives* aud *Fortunes* of all the *Wicked* in the *Land*; with the *Strong-Feeble Choſen Ones* in the *Pſalmiſt*, Bound *Princes in Chains, and Nobles in Links of Iron*; and Advanc'd themſelves to the moſt Juſt and Statutable Pitch of *Terror*, & *Complyance*, that can be imagin'd. As to This *Topick*, let it then ſuffice to ſay; That tho the Late Houſe of *Commons* at *Oxford*, in Token of the Eſteem they had for the *Perſon* and *Services* of the *Reverend Chief* of the *Evidence Royal*, and to enable him to *Purchaſe*, (of Col. *D.* or any *Other*) *Lay up*, and *Take his Eaſe* with the *Rich Man* in the *Parable*, were only hinder'd ('tis ſaid by their *Suddain* and in This Reſpect *Unhappy*)

Diſſo-

Diſſolution, from *Voting* him, perſuant to *Frank Promiſe* and *Engagement*, *Forty Thouſand Pounds*: Yet will not I beat it out of my *Thought*, that any thing leſs than a *Still-higher Elevation*, in *This* World, or the *Abundances* of *Another*, can be ſufficient to Ballance the Bulk of ſuch *Unpreſidented Deſerts*, as are Conſpicuous in the *Web* and *Woof* of That *Illuſtrious Fraternity*; whoſe *Former Littleneſs*, and *Human Frailties*, ought not to be Objected to their Diſadvantage, for Fear of involving the (after a Sort) *Parrallel Circumſtances* even of the Bleſſed *Apoſtles* themſelves in the Drift of the *Reflection*.

BUT now, on the *Other* ſide, upon caſting back our Eye to *Paſt Ages*, and particularly to the Reign of the *Roman* Emperour *Tiberius*; we ſhall ſcarce meet with any thing elſe then the *Agonyes*, *Cryes*, *Shreeks*, *Tortures*, *Scatter'd Limbs*, and *Mangled Bodyes* of *Fathers*, *Brothers*, *Maſters*, *Neareſt Relations*; *Princes*, *Nobles*, *Gentlemen* &c. who, through the Trecherous and Perjurious Practiſes of a Mercenary and Miſereant *Brood* of *Delators*, *Enformers* or *Swearers* (Glanc'd at in the *Title-Page*) [that utterly Ruin'd *Truſt* and *Confidence* among Men, Poyſon'd the *Fountains* of Earthly Comfort, Violated

Violated the *Bonds* and *Dictates* of *Society*, and *Good Nature*, Placed the People in a worse condition then the very *Beasts* that Perish, Ran them into a *State of War* by advancing in every body a common *Diffidence* of his *Neighbour*, turn'd the City of *Rome* into one *General Shambles*; and were encourag'd and supported in all This Villany by that Jealous, Politick and Bloudy *Tyrant*,] breath'd out their *Last*, under the hand of the *Executioner*, and in the utmost Extremities of *Cruelty* and *Torment*.

Nay, upon a View of *Later Doings*, and *nearer Home* too, we may find even the very *Swagg-Belly'd Dutch* exercising unspeakable *Villanyes*, *Massacres*, and *Barbaritys*, against the Poor *English* in *Amboyna*, (in the *Indies*) and, by the *Affidavits* of a Pack of *Leathern-Conscienc'd Prostitutes*, labouring to wash their Hands of the *Innocent Blood*, when they had done.

WHEREFORE, Effectually to *Brand* these *Hellish Enormities*, of *Old*, and to *Complement* our *Present Condition*, which, (tho' indeed *Property* at least, has no reason to commend the *Knights Errant* in the *Temple-Walks*, yet) through *Mercy*, *Faints* not (I hope) under any such Insupportable Oppressions

ſions, nor is fairly liable to the Infamy of the like Odious Imputations; I have ventur'd, (becauſe *Virtue* never ſhines *Brighter*, then while Oppoſed to its *Contrary*, *Vice*,) with much *good Will*, and and *Meaning*, to ſubmit to the *Modeſt* and *Prudent* uſe of my *Country-Men*, Honeſt *Æſop*'s *Eighty-Firſt Fable*, *Of the* Dog *and the* Sheep; the *Matter* entirely his *Own*, only, for better Content, long ſince, by Mr. *John Ogilby*, *Engliſh'd*, and *Meeter'd*, in the *Stanza*'s Following.

ROUGH,

ROUGH, *with a Trundle-Tayl, a* Prick-Ear'd Cur,
That had Nine Warrens of ſterv'd Fleas in's Fur,
On whom was Mangineſs entail'd, and Itch,
From his Syre Iſgrim, *and a* Cat-Ey'd Bitch;
With Theſe Endowments Rich,
And ſome Bold Vices *Now we* Virtues *call,*
He brought to th' Judgment-Hall
His Accuſation 'gainſt a Guiltleſs-Sheep,
That he the Staff of Life from him did keep,
A Loaf he Lent him of the pureſt Wheat:
At the High Tribunal-Seat
At once he Charg'd, and at once Claim'd the Debt.

THE Sheep *denyes that e're he had to do*
With This ſtrange Dog, *whom no Good Shepherd knew;*

Since

Since he no Bond *could Prove, desires* Releaſe.
Then, bawls the Cur, *Behold my* Witneſſes,
Let Them *the Truth Confeſs.*
The Vulture, Fox, *and* Squint-Ey'd Kite *appear*,
Who God *nor* Conſcience *fear*,
To whom he promis'd Equal Shares *before*,
For which (*as They* Enſtructed *were*) *they* Swore
They ſaw when He deliver'd him the Bread,
Refuſing Bond, *and Kindly ſaid*,
Without ſuch Things, Brethren ſhould Brethren
(Aid.

THE Beaſts *had* Salvage Laws; *Who could not* Pay,
Convicted, *at the* Cred'tor's *Mercy Lay*:
Such was the Poor Sheep's *Caſe*; *None could exhort*
The Dog *to ſave the* Honour *of the* Court,
Since Cruelty *was his Sport*;

But

But at the Sheep *with open* Mouth *he flew,*
And, in th' whole Benche's *View,*
Sucks his Warm Blood, *and Eats his Panting* Heart,
And to each Witness *Quarters out* Their Part.
When One did say, Thus *Innocence* (we see)
Was never yet from *Danger* Free;
As th' *Evidence*, so must the *Sentence* be.

MORAL.

WHILE *Oaths* & *Evidence* shall sway the Cause,
Men of *small Conscience* little Fear the *Laws.*
What *Trade* are *You*? A *Witness*, Sir. Draw near;
There's *Coyn*, go *Swear what I would have you Swear.*

THE END.

An

An ADVERTISEMENT.

THere have been *Newly* Publiſhed by **James Cade**, at the *Cock* and *Sugar-Loaf*, near *St. Dunſtans Church* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, ſeveral ſmall *Treatiſes*, Relating to the *Times*, that are generally pronounced worthy the *Peruſal* of all True *Engliſh-men*, Good *Proteſtants*, and Loyal *Subjects*; and bear the *Titles* following.

The *Field of Blood*: Or, Rebellion Blazoned in all its Colours, in a Lively Repreſentation (grounded upon Fact) of *Inhability* in a *Prince*, Exorbitant *Ambition* in the *Nobility*, and Licentious *Inſolence* in the *Commons*.

The *Keepers* of the *Engliſh Libertyes* drawn to the Life, in the Qualifications of Perſons by Them declar'd capable to Serve in *Parliament*.

An *Anſwer* to a *Popiſh Libel*, Entitled, *A Vindication of the Engliſh Catholicks*, diſcovering the Chief *Falſities* and *Contradictions* in the *Narrative* of *Titus Oats*.

A *Paradox* againſt *Liberty*. An *Heroick Poem*. By the *Lords* in the *Tower*.

A *Seaſonable Memento* both to *King*, and *People*, upon This Critical Juncture of Affairs.

The *Nations Intereſt*, with Relation to the Pretenſions of his *R. H.* the *Duke of York*, Diſcuſs'd and Aſſerted.

A *Paradox* againſt *Life*. An *Heroick Poem*. By the *Lords* in the *Tower*.

The *Impoſtor Expos'd*, in a *Diſſection* of a Villanous Libel, entitled, *A Letter to a Perſon of Honour, concerning the* **Black Box**.

The *Myſtery* and *Method* of His *Majeſty's* Happy *Reſtauration*, laid Open to Publick View; by *John Price*, D. D.

He has alſo now in the *Preſs*, (and juſt ready) an Excellent *Ode*, (by a *Barriſter at Law*) under the *Title* of

A *Vote* for *Moderate Counſels*; as the Readieſt way to Heal our *Breaches*, and bring Happyneſs to *King* and *People*.